



Have litel thought but on hir play,
 Hir lemman was bisyde alway,
 In swich a gyse, that he hir kiste
 At alle tymes that him liste,
 That al the daunce mighte it see;
 They make no force of privetee;
 For who spak of hem yvel or wel,
 They were ashamed never a del,
 But men mighte seen hem kisse there,
 As it two yonge doves were,
 for yong was thilke bachelere,
 Of beaute wot I noon his pere;
 And he was right of swich an age
 As Youthe his leef, and swich courage.
THE lusty folk thus daunced there,
 And also other that with hem were,
 That weren alle of hir meynce;
 ful hende folk, and wys, and free,
 And folk of fair port, trewely,
 Ther weren alle comunly.

WHAN I hadde seen the counte-
 naunces
 Of hem that ladden thus these
 daunces,
 Than hadde I wil to goon & see
 The gardin that so lykied me,
 And loken on these faire loreris,
 On pyn/trees, cedres, and oliveris.

The daunces than yended were;
 for many of hem that daunced there
 Were with hir loves went away
 Under the trees to have hir pley.
A lord! they lived lustily!
 A gret fool were he, sikely,
 That nolde, his thanks, swich lyf

lede!
 for this dar I seyn, out of drede,
 That whoso mighte so wel fare,
 for better lyf thurte him not care;
 for ther nis so good paradys
 As have a love at his devys.

OUT of that place wente I tho,
 And in that gardin gan I go,
 Pleying along ful merily.
 The God of Love ful hastily
 Unto him Swete/Loking clepte,
 No lenger wolde he that he kepte
 His bowe of golde, that shoon so bright.
 He bad him bende it anon/right;
 And he ful sone it sette on ende,
 And at a braid he gan it bende,
 And took him of his arowes fyve,
 ful sharpe and redy for to dryve.
 Now God that sit in magestee
 fro deedly woundes kepe me,
 If so be that he wol me shete;



for if I with his arowe mete,
 It wol me greven sore, ywis!
 But I, that nothing wiste of this,
 Wente up and down ful many a wey,
 And he me folwed faste alwey;
 But nowher wolde I reeste me,
 Cill I hadde al the yerde in be.
THE gardin was, by mesuring,
 Right even and squar in compassing;
 It was as long as it was large.
 Of fruyt had every tree his charge,
 But it were any hidous tree **The Trees**
 Of which ther were two or three.
 Ther were, and that wot I ful wel,
 Of pomgarnettes a ful gret del;
 That is a fruyt ful wel to lyke,
 Namely to folk whan they ben syke.
 And trees ther were, greet foisoun,
 That baren notes in hir sesoun,
 Such as men notemigges calle,
 That swote of savour been withalle.
 And alemandres greet plentee,
 figes, and many a date-tree
 Ther weren, if men hadde nede,
 Through the gardin in length and brede.
 Ther was eek weying many a spyce,
 As clowgeloFRE, and licoryce,
 Gingere, and greyn de paradys,

Canelle, and setewale of prys,
 And many a spyce delitable,
 To eten whan men ryse fro table.
 And many boomy trees ther were,
 That peches, coynes, and apples bere,
 Medlers, ploumes, peres, chesteynes,
 Cheryse, of whiche many on fayn is,
 Notes, aleys, and bolas,
 That for to seen it was solas;
 With many high lorer and pyn
 Was ringed clene al that gardyn;
 With cipres, and with oliveres,
 Of which that nigh no plente here is.
 Ther were elmes grete and stronge,
 Maples, asshe, ook, asp, planes longe,
 fyn ew, popler, and lindes faire,
 And othere trees ful many a payre.
WHAT sholde I telle you more of it?
 Ther were so many trees yit,
 That I sholde al encombred be
 Er I had rekened every tree.
THESE trees were set, that I devyse,
 Oon from another, in assyse,
 five fadome or sixe, I trowe so,
 But they were hye and grete also:
 And for to kepe out wel the sonne,
 The croppes were so thikke yronne,
 And every braunch in other knet,